



daylight. In or near cities or manufacturing towns where the air is polluted with smoke and other vapors, a proportion of these rays is filtered out, and also on hazy or cloudy days. But where the air is perfectly clear, these rays are as powerful in winter as they are in summer, and it is possible to get well tanned, or sunburned, skiing or skating surrounded by the snows of the high mountains. To some extent the effect of the ultraviolet rays may be even greater owing to reflection by the snow and ice, just as one may get brown more quickly at the seashore during the summer holidays. The sea air has a little to do with this, but the main factors are the clearness of the air and the reflection from the water. Most amateur photographers know that films exposed at the seashore require a much shorter exposure than those exposed inland.

We all know that one can have too much of a good thing and exposure of the body to direct sunlight requires a reasonable amount of discretion. It is most unwise for the uninitiated to expose the whole or the greater part of the body for any length of time. Exposure both an area and duration must be exercised gradually. In the desire to "come back tan and brown" there is often a temptation to lie in the sun and "cook." This generally leads to painful and slightly blistering which no cream or salvehene can counteract until sufficient time has been given for the skin to heal itself. Nature makes her own provision for protecting the skin from too great a penetration of the ultraviolet rays—if she is given the chance. The so-called "tanning" or "browning" is brought about by pigmentation of the skin for the special purpose of shutting out or filtering the rays in excess of what is desirable. This is another instance of the skin functioning to our advantage when allowed to do its proper work. If exposure is confined to merely a few minutes to commence with and gradually increased, this pigmentation will form automatically and prevent not only the blisters and "peeling," but also ill effects upon the liver and the constitution generally which violent and irrational exposures are liable to cause. One might as well expect to get well more quickly by taking a whole bottle of medicine at one draught instead of in the regulated doses prescribed by the physician. Exposure is far more beneficial, too, if the body is kept in motion. When lying in one position the rays are naturally concentrated upon certain portions of the body while other parts receive none at all. Movement makes the exposure more general, and the currents of air act as mild

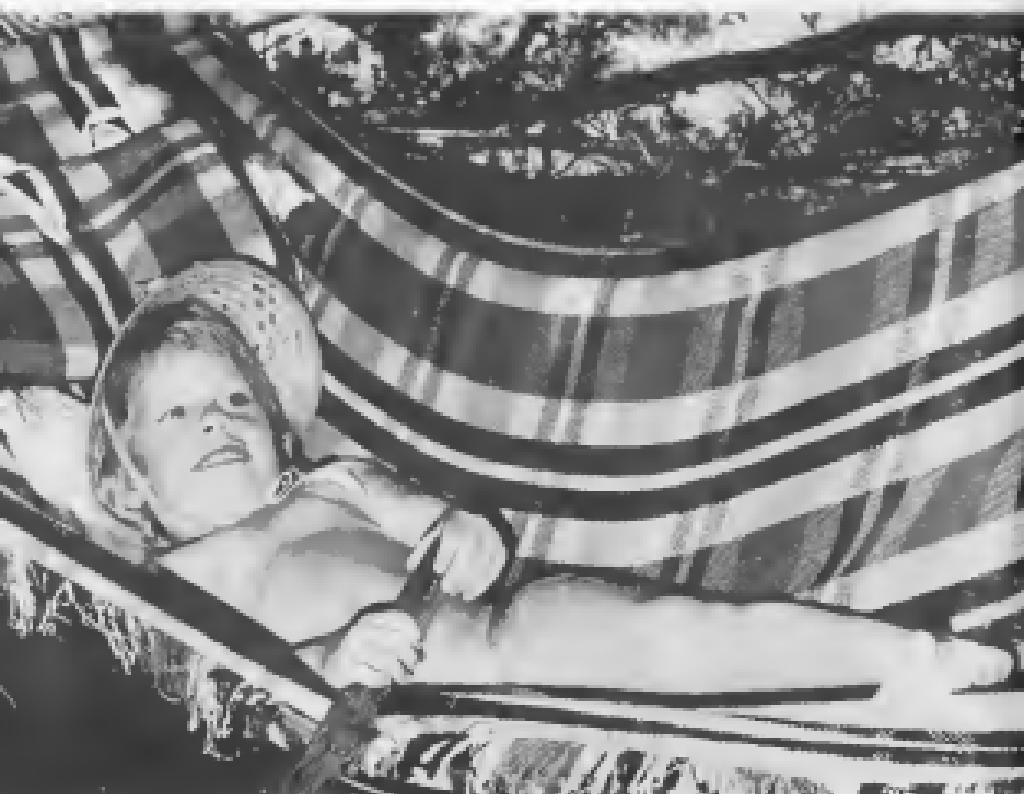


insulation from the infrared or heat rays which are liable to scorch the skin. Vegetable oils are also of value for countering the drying effect of these rays, coconut oil being preferable to any other.

So much for the advantages and disadvantages of complete exposure, the disadvantages being under personal control and easily avoided with moderate care and common sense. Nudism does encourage the enjoyment of fresh air and exercise, complete exposure to the sun has definite advantages over partial exposure and the claims of the nudists are, so far, well-sustained. There is one criticism still open, however. Why should not complete exposure be enjoyed, but in solitude or in groups of one sex only?

From the purely physical viewpoint there seems to be no answer to this criticism. It is hard to see

how the nakedness of the sexes, eliminating all question of eroticism, can have any real physical effect, and there is certainly no reason at all why those who believe in and wish to enjoy the physical advantages should join a nudist group if they feel any reluctance to associate in the nude with the opposite sex or with any other persons at all. This is a matter of personal taste and conviction. We cannot, however, dismiss the claims of nudism on physical grounds alone. "Men cannot live by bread alone," and consideration of other factors besides the strictly physical must be admitted. Our health and our mental well-being are linked up with the comparatively new science of psychology, and we must examine what the psychological effects of nudism may be and whether they are good or bad or merely migratory. *



NEW NEW WOMAN

By Dr. Harry Dretheus



SATURDAY NIGHT may be called the most progressive and forward-looking magazine of Canada. In general it reflects somewhat our American Saturday Evening, but tends to be, at times, more sophisticated. The November 1966 issue is a case in point, a beautiful example of its general sensibility. The entire issue is given over to one underlying theme: The New Woman's New Image. The title-page itself indicates by its thematic illustration the nature of the pages



You flip over the cover and you begin reading the editorial called The Inside Story. And we quote from the opening paragraph:

COVER. Yes—she's a doll! The Barbie doll stands for what we've called The New Woman's New Image. Under this general title we've brought together the articles about what's happening to women around here right now...

One of the contributors, Wendy Michener, surveys new trends in women's magazines and comes up

with evidence of a sexual revolution as radical fits results are hardly yet understood by the public at large. "Women are buying a new self-image," she reports in her *REFLECTIONS IN A PAPER MIRROR* and "the label is sexy." Just what has been happening to magazine advertisements for women's underwear? "Gone are the plain, functional pants and tops, gone the ugly inhibiting corset-like. Women's underwear, as the manufacturers' ads point up, is now to be seen, and possibly felt, and this applies to underwear for women of all ages. Consider this ad copy from *Sovereign's* 'New Lovable Underwear' are patch-caused for you in size-zone, the 2X tone for Full Fig. in dainty lace and stretch all over — naturally shaped with fibrefill padding. The garments are stretchy, nylon stretch lace. And the shape is all yours! What a combination!"¹² And the author makes this emphasis — which should please all of us modists: "Yes, absolutely true, and so is the ad's last: Ever since Heidi Germerich came up with her girdle-line, manufacturers have been making underwear as sheer, lace, and intimate as possible, while their ads speak regrettably of sweet softness, and sky sailing!" (P 28). This kind of underwear you never had to order through the specialized channels advertised in movie fan magazines along with lecture goods and scratchless pants. Today it is possible to buy body stocking, bikini pants, and participate with lingerie on them in Canada's largest department stores. Women are buying a new self-image, and the label is FREEDOM.

Wendy McElroy makes it pointedly clear that society is gradually winning acceptance among Canadian women as well as men. The editors were somewhat puzzled how to accompany the anti-feminist nature of articles or pictorial documentation. Far in Canada, just as in the good old U.S.A., public laws still lag behind the public norms. And, as conservation laws regarding "pornography" are rather strict in Canada, the editors came up with a very

clever solution: throughout the issue, they have reproduced photographs of a Barbie doll, in various positions, costumes, as well as in total nudity. They know that one picture is worth a thousand words. From this point-of-view, the November issue of *Sisterhood Night* is quite eloquent, yet in such a way as to proclaim its message without the filters of the Canadian laws. The pictures were taken by a Canadian photographer, Trevor Hatchings.

In addition to Wendy McElroy there is Jocelyn Duggan who describes women's struggle for admission to Holy Orders and priesthood. More antic Marshall Delaney contributes a brilliant study of the film of Jean-Luc Godard whose subject is women, woman as she is now, at this moment. As an aside afterthought, Kildare Debbie values a successful Toronto woman who turns out to be a man, Martha Mitchell — that's a pen-name of one of Canada's best known clash-and-lager waitstaffs — tells how it is for green political wives in the capital, Ottawa. Taken together, these articles offer serious and, at times, humorous, but always challenging

comment on contemporary women in Canada and in the rest of the world.

Woman historically has been told to do what she is told. Man has been the shaper, woman the shaped. But since the rise of the individual ego in the nineteenth century (and since the subsequent recognition that women have egos as well as men), women have felt called upon to assert themselves as personalities in their own right, independent of men and independent of the norms which have been shaped for generations of women in history. Out of this struggle there comes the rejection of the ugly culture caused and of the continuing social control, imposed by an hegemonic, inhibiting and sanctifying society. Thank God that this old restrictive era is slowly becoming a thing of the past. I would like to suggest that students buy a copy of the November issue of *Sisterhood Night* (55 York Street, Toronto 1, Ont., Canada, \$2 an issue) and write the editor (Arnold Embuscous), emphasizing him on the issue and the courageous facing of the problem.



Introducing the

SunRangers



Here you are at last, at Cedar Valley—home of the SeaRangers. The key in your hand will unlock the gate to new adventure in your life. You have undoubtedly discussed the pros and cons of this new adventure several times, but now you have reached the point of no return. This adventure, like all knowledge or any experience, will add another facet to your growing character. There is no turning back at this point; if you are in, a new world lies ahead of you. If you don't, the question will forever remain "What have I missed?"

And once you have gone this far, there really is no reason to back down. So, open the gate and go on in!

Suddenly you find yourself in the camp area. There are several people visible to you and, now enough, they are real. For a moment you wonder "Now what?", but here comes someone in your direction. You stop the car and the established head of the counselor and his wife, and the clever "Handy" are running to greet you. In introductions are exchanged and you discover this is "Cowboy" and "Mary"—printed on the letter of invitation you received, or mentioned by Bill and Ann during your pre-visitation interview.

Their greeting is "Come on down and meet the folks" and "would you like some coffee or a cold drink?" is most welcome. You are introduced to the others by your host name only—a camp rule, you discover.

You are invited to "get comfortable" if you wish before you are shown the pounds. There may be some hesitation about disrobing, mostly because you think everyone will know you are a newcomer. But then you remember — "no one will suspect you're a newcomer if you disrobe, unless you tell them." You will be much more comfortable if you are nude dressed." Your wife agrees to the "values in Room" — and so you get comfortable. What a relief to doff those hot, sticky clothes—the sun and the air feel so good! The children have heard the teaching and splashing at the pool and are anxious to join the fun. Mother usually suggests a sort of curtain lifted before the fun begins, as tender eyes rarely respond to the sun and protection.

A walk around the grounds to inspect the various game courts, basketball and tennis is interrupted by the enthusiastic call of "Volleyball!" You are urged to play but the choice remains your own. Either way, playing or watching, you enjoy the game.



Southern hospitality is by no means limited to the Southeast, as anyone who has visited this Texas club will attest — and their season is virtually year round.



ion in a hollow, however, the pond itself is also fairly well protected.

While there's a hollow there must be a hill, and when covered with snow the one at Shagbark provides a good stage for sledging. The smaller kids particularly enjoy this sport, but frequently Mom or Dad (or his brother or sister!) will borrow a sled for a trip or two. Often the teenagers and adults will bring their own well-waxed toboggans, or perhaps a tobob. Occasionally someone will also attempt skiing on Shagbark's hill, but it really is not suited for this—although it may be of some value to beginners.

Looped a short distance back from the top of the hill is the Shagbark pavilion, a forty-foot, circular structure of tile, brick, wood, glass, and plastic. It is here that most of Shagbark's winter potluck dinners are held, and while these are regularly scheduled for the fourth Sunday of each month the October and November dinners also double as Halloween and Thanksgiving celebrations. The former has become particularly popular, and many of the participants devote considerable time, thought, and effort on the costumes they wear—or paint on—for this event. The park grounds and the pavilion are, of course, decorated in a Halloween motif, and these are the usual games for the kids. The Thanksgiving dinner is perhaps less festive (being mostly "an especially good dinner," according to its creator), but an "especially good" at this popular club is out of this world!

Unlike the dinners, winter card parties are not regularly scheduled, but instead are generally called at the request of a member or are organized by Shagbark's owners, Tom and Louise Odell. Sometimes the pavilion is utilized for these events (usually a Saturday evening affair), but if the weather is too cold or the group small, the Odell farmhouse is often the scene of these gatherings.

The topic of winter activities in radical circles always brings up the question of snow, but as is usual, whether or not shelling is worth the trouble.

Even though Shagbark's may have different opinions concerning winter nudity, all agree that before the park with one's friends is always pleasant. The unusually

strong bond of friendship among radicals is, in fact, often perceived and admired by even nonradicals—and it's thus only natural that at Shagbark the first Monday of September is not considered a conclusive date—not marking the beginning of a new season.

This is one park where it's not all over after Labor Day!



Funtimes at Forest Marmers

MID-WINTER

Sports Festival



By Don and Elaine

We were mighty apprehensive the Mid-Winter Sports Festival near Olympia at the close of last season, as it would be the first time in three years that Don and I would be able to make it. Jack R. from Beautiful Haven had written to ask us to be sure and be there and have our three teenagers with us, as Beautiful Haven would be able to play volleyball. We assured him we intended to be there.

The day arrived and we loaded up our new camper, tucked the kids in and away we went. We got a late start and for some reason the truck seemed to just plod along instead of really burning up the road.

Anyway, by lunch time we had driven on far as Gladys' and Basile's Sunset Ranch, so we drove in there to fill up (our) stomachs and the truck? Speaking hastily directly to Basile, we lowered down our backs and hurried back to the freeway to put some more miles behind us.

About two o'clock we arrived at the place where the volleyball tournament was taking place and our team was assigned to play for "Team old R. H." The competition was hard to beat, and due to lack of time the games were short and somewhat hasty. However, every team which wanted to played an opportunity.

Two parents had started the action at 9 A.M., as had many boys and visitors from Pacific Northwest schools converged on the gymnasium offered for the occasion. There were lots of chil-



Photos by Rod Keane and Staff



Days of 500 A and 5000 volly ball were fought throughout the day. A surprisingly strong and energetic team from Sunny Trails, clinical Vancouver, BC, captured the trophy for the Constitution, while the local club Forest Mariners, kept the Cup. A side Team was in the tournament represented Hospital Street, The Sun Rivers and Square Mt. Ranch (all from Portland, Oregon). Forest Mariners, Flatirons Squamish and Cobblestone Santas from Washington and British Columbia's Sunny Trails, Brookdale Park and the Van Tern Marins other clubs were represented by one or two members who filled in on teams which were short players. But the day was just getting started when the volleyball champs were announced.

Leaving the gym we drove to the large indoor swimming pool rented for the occasion, where we exchanged over the amount of cans, rings and packages which were already parked there. It was raining outside, but who worried about that when inside was a massive pool and a huge pot-luck

meal awaiting? As we entered the building we were met by a warmth of people and the further we progressed the more friends we encountered. It was plain to see we were slow poles, as many of the residents here had already found a plate and friends and were rapidly filling up the hollow spots they had vacated while playing volleyball.

Forest Mariners had arranged the exclusive use of a huge swimming pool complete with floating, picnic tables and all the necessary facilities required to enjoy a pot-luck dinner and swim party—all off under one roof. In a short time the swimming, float-tables tables were converted to grilling, food laden roasts, as all had worked up a thirst upon getting from the day's activity.

Our family (except our oldest son, who had sprained her ankle while playing volleyball) enjoyed a swim in the heated pool while most everyone else was eating. What a feed for the eyes as well as the stomach! Hot dogs, bread and butter, several varieties of vegetables, potatoes, fowl in

different ways, salads, soups, pie, cake, cookies—indeed, just anything you wanted in the line of food.

One would think that the foregoing night have been sufficient, but not so. Following a rest and relaxation period water sports were held with competition in strong and swimming events for all age brackets.

Now came the really weird. Who would be King, Queen, Prince and Princess? Rocky of The Sun Rivers took the first title, while Penny of the popular travel group was Queen. Cedric of Cobblestones was chosen prince and her cause was Jay of F-S. Each received an appropriate crown and trophy as memorials of the occasion, and in addition, the girls were presented with beautiful bouquets of flowers. Winner of the Junior women's swim race was Shirley of F-M, while John of F-S took the Junior men's swim. Boys' diving champion was Jim of F-S, and the girls' winner was Monica of Meadow Brook. To complete the attire, Fred of F-M capped the men's swim title.

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American Sunbather

The Official Voice of American Nudism

THE TEXAS
SUNRANGERS





and won in the swimming would include men including Jerry of Columbia, Cliff of F.M. and Gene of F.M. The boys and girls on the champion squad were Jim of P.S., Ken of P.S., Shirley of F.M. and June of P.S.

We interviewed the couple who kept track of the many arrivals and found there were about 135 visitors there that night. Clubs represented were Beautiful Haven, The Red Rooster, Southern Country Club, Forest Mowers, Franklin County Squash Lovers, Bigelow Mountain Ranch and Southern Forest Club, plus the Van Tass, Barry Trails and Meadier Brook from Canada.

"For those who had long distances to travel the day started before the sun had risen," added Red Keane, well-known Northwest writer-photographer. "The daylight hours on February are few, but there are still twenty-four hours, and all participants appeared to be determined to get the most out of them." Wouldn't you like to have been there to join in the fun? Start planning now!

Some highlights of the aquatic contests at the annual festival in Mineral Park. Participants are shown here trying to get bigger and better.



HAPPINESS IS BELONGING TO...

SKY FARM

The Club that began outdoor in America is still owned by its members who make sure it's the best in the land

By Carl Jubbard

ONCE you enter the big green gates of Sky Farm located in the beautiful wooded hills of New Jersey, you know you're entering a new world. It's a world of congeniality, of lush natural growth, of swimming and tennis and relaxation. For over 38 years Sky Farm has served its members well principally because its members have been its guiding force. Today Sky Farm's beautifying facilities that compare with the best of our national parks. The swimming pool, although constructed years ago, is a good sixty feet in length and is constantly filtered for pure, crystal-clear water. The big recreation hall with its great stone fire place, its massive hardwood floor, its new stage for amateur shows, is the scene of many a happy social event. This fair Sky Farmer, have a steady, busy social season planned that will outshine the good times of other years.

Being a true rustic resort in every sense of the word, Sky Farm has a limited membership consisting mainly of families and children. Thus, newers some memberships are available and the mail has already begun to pour in from interested prospects. Most newcomers are pleasantly surprised to find over fifty member-owned cottages scattered throughout Sky Farm. These homes further lend a warm note to the club. As you pass by you'll notice a flower garden here and

there as well as hay, but profuse, vegetable gardens. Nearby, as one of Sky Farm's many hills, rises the building with some private rooms for the convenience of new members or for those who do not have their own cottages. Down the hill, past the pool and up again lies the large field with the four tennis courts. Minton, imported from England, is a lively game played like tennis only with a smaller court, a low bouncy tennis ball, and unique wooden paddles. It is by far the

most enjoyable exercise at Sky Farm. So, if you're interested in outdoor, if you'd rather enjoy yourself in the altogether instead of bedridden with the ridiculous "see-through" fashions of Paris, if you'd like to be friends with friendly people and be a part-owner of the finest rustic club in the country, write today to Membership Chairman, Sky Farm, Inc., Box 1142, Plainfield, New Jersey. See you on the tennis court!



Sunny Heights Lodge





The anybody here sees, Kelly?" is a common phrase, at least in people who have heard the name. Perhaps some are Irish, belong to a Barberhop Quartet, participated in a Hoop-A-Loo, or what have you. In addition, however, "Kelly" stands for Michael Stroblin, a robust dairy farmer from Sudley who owns and operates a popular Eastern resort. This affable and dynamic personality, a member of the park board from the time it opened in 1953, bought Sunray Heights Lodge about 6 years ago—starting the day for many customers, as the resort was destined to be sold for a factory site. Since Kelly took ownership the membership has about doubled to some 700 families, with much of the credit due to his wife Roslyn, whose remarkable contributions to the park and all visitors have left their mark indelibly on all our hearts.

You reach the gate about 180 yards from the main road. It's marked "STOP — PRIVATE — MEMBERS ONLY". There is a signpost and a talk box (intercom), and all you do is shove yourself on a new adventure as it's up past the barrier—and deer tracks, this is far cry from the park, but that's the country I know," says.

Once through the entrance to the 115 acre, pre-established woodland,

Story & Photos by Michael Leonard



SUNNY HEIGHTS LODGE



you see the manager's well built home. Beyond and in all directions are roads to cabin trailers and cottages. In what I refer to as the "resort area compound" is located a complete ocean bath, to which is attached a club house and sleeping dorms. About 50 yards further and you see a snack bar and a beautiful filtered pool, sporting a swim slide into the water. In addition there is a heated, screened blocking volleyball court where pleasure wheel bags seem to draw you for hours of enjoyment in the ever-renewing sunshine. On one side of the swimming pool is a sloping sand beach dotted with multicolored chairs and sundecks, and an equal array of nude bodies drawing in the sun. Your worries and care disappear—there is no need for transportation here.

Holly introduced me to a "Mr. Peoples" At first I thought he was kidding, but I was ready to drive and communicate at this man's beautiful trailer. I found that Mr. Peoples was a school teacher, who told me there were at least 18 pairs of his passengers with their trailers here at Sunray Beachside Lodge. Further, he said, "Black Mike, just where can a man and his family get this kind of facilities for an entire family to enjoy for \$165.00 per year?" We







used to spend more than that in a week." I certainly agreed. "Then you take the children," he continued. "They learn something here that I could never give them on the outside. It's a real benefit no matter how you look at it." About this "Prosper" business, he said, "Oh that?" Kelly has nickname for everybody. He claims to have a poor memory, so he remembers by association. I have had you. The two brothers there if I don't wear sunglasses and a hat, so he calls me *Fingers*. There is a still here with blonde hair who looks like the real Monroe, so Kelly calls her *Marilyn*. Then we have *Coolidge*, who hails from Texas. *Homer*, what reminds Kelly of a football coach he once knew, and *Carly*, who is completely bald, etc. We have a couple of artist here, and

of whom he calls *Hankie*, and so it goes.

Henry Heights Lodge is affiliated with the American Health Alliance and will quickly be remembered for their cooperative spirit. They compete in the Tri-State volleyball tournaments, going to Pine Tree and other camps, and most frequent winner in a pretty tough league.

Each year they hold their own Royalist Concerts, which is a truly great affair. When I saw the size of the trophies for the Royal Family I gasped in surprise, because they were larger than any I had ever seen. They are first class, believe me, complete with Royal robes—and when covered with gold, and a photographer's delight. There are of course the Prince and Princess enterprises, as well as cere-

monies in which the previous winners receive the dinner royalty.

There are picnics, barn, bingo games, sports tournaments and the works of the resort, and above all a spirit of friendliness second to none. I'd love to return, for in my short stay I met so many interesting and wonderful people. It's easy for you too. Write Kelly Strickland, Henry Heights Lodge, Box 174, Clatskanie, New Jersey 08821. And remember the question: "Anybody here from Kelly?" And when you do you're looked for enjoyment, hospitality and hours of relaxation you'll never forget. Besides, it will be interesting to see what your nickname is! But be it *Hagan*, *Marilyn*, *Hankie*, *Coolidge*, or what, you'll live every minute of your stay there.

Sunny Heights Lodge

BOX 176 CLARKSBURG
NEW JERSEY 07821

MINUTE PARK GUIDE

DIRECTIONS TO LODGE:

RTE—Cracker City Line to Hightstown, New Jersey. Call us at Clearwater 3-2741 for travel.

AUTO—from Philadelphia, Pa., follow Route 132 to Yardville until follow 324 through Allentown, N.J. 5 miles until you pass white church below Cheltenbury, take left turn 1½ miles toward Roosevelt. Light pole marked S-1-L is on Sunny Heights Lodge Road.

From New York—New Jersey Turnpike to exit 8 at Hightstown, bear left on Extra-Paved after passing Freddie School Grounds, turn right at Banks Tourist Home, after passing through Roosevelt, turn left on Cheltenbury Road. Sunny Heights Lodge Road is about 1½ miles on left side. Pole with numbers 3-22-3 is marked. Be careful and obey all the traffic rules in Roosevelt as they are strictly enforced.

132 miles of pine wooded land (landlocked territory).

Snack Bar—open all weekends. Soda, ice cream, coffee, short order sandwiches.

Swim bath and eight houses with some sleeping space here as well as in main house.

Regulation single volleyball court. Macadamized and lighted (see below).

Filtered pool—slide into pool and other appropriate entertainments. Tetherball.

Tent and camp sites with electrical hookups if needed.

Clothes—Cheltenbury, N.J. Supermarkets, stores, and motels are available in surrounding area.

Ping pong—indoor and outdoor facilities.

Fenced, year-around events—pet beds, houses, and camp sites and queen contests.

Evelyn A
go go



For reprint permission, please write to:
Nudist Beach Lodge, Box 111, Closter, New Jersey 07624, and American Health Alliance,
P. O. Box 7212, Spokane, Washington 99207.

HIDDEN VALLEY

By Lyle Marsh



Two more Hidden Valley Ranch

is by no means a mansion, tucked snugly away as it is in the beautiful mountain of Southern California's Riverside County. This hilly growing infant among resort chain celebrated its third birthday recently, and the arrival is accomplished in this short while is a monument to what can be done with a little old rustic "get with it" spirit.

Three years ago when we attended their grand opening, the obstacles to be overcome before this would become the raddest resort envisioned by its founders seemed well-nigh insurmountable

—but now we begin to see the picture, and like what we see.

The water problem we were sure would be such a stumper has been solved with the completion of their well, drilled with their own rig. The second one to be started in the near future at the site of the new clubhouse. The permits have already been obtained, and the structure will feature a snack bar, club room and modern laundry facilities. The old clubhouse, small but adequate, is serving while waiting for the completion of the new one, doing service as a social center and furnishing cooking facilities for the visitors. Here also are held the

monthly pot-lucks and holiday parties, to which visitors from other clubs are welcome. In addition, the new owner, Peter Bedrosian, has a permit for a travel trailer park which will accommodate thirty units, and the work is well along.

Already completed (and the natural center of activity) is Hidden Valley's new pool, a sparkling twenty by forty feet, filled with pure cool mountain water from their own well. As one member said, "the only chemicals added to this water are the ones we put in." To add to the enjoyment, the view from the pool area and the new clubhouse is of such panoramic beauty that one is sometimes torn between the pleasures of just sitting and looking or enjoying a swim! For the more energetic visitor, volleyball courts, badminton, horseshoes, archery and the other sports facilities are available, and swings, slides and what have you for the wee ones.





one the famous Maze stone of the area can be seen from the road, and all this to be enjoyed while soaking up the rays of Old Sol.

For those who would wander farther afield, Hidden Valley Ranch can be the hub of a complete circle of famous attractions included are Hollywood, Disneyland, the ocean and the many wonders of the Los Angeles area. Palm Springs (the watering place of the VIPs), Salton Sea and the San Jacinto Trailways. To the south we find San Diego and its world famous Zoo, with old Mexico just a wee bit further on, and to the north, the San Bernardino Recreation Area. "And don't forget, Hidden Valley has numerous other naked neighbors to be visited," adds Margaret P., Club Secretary. "Indeed, our Burnett of day has many facets."

So to Peter (Little Pete) Bedeauing, a man who has seemed to what will be the hardest job he ever held—building and running a naked club—and the fine people he has gathered around him for members, we of the Girdless American Family wish a Happy Birthday, and many to follow.



"There are miles of beautiful hiking trails," Pete informed us, and views of the San Bernardino Mountains to the north and the San Jacintos to the east, as well as other ranges of lesser magnitude, furnish a never-ending change of scenes that delight visitors. Indigenous to the area are a multitude of wild flowers along with buckhorn cholla, mesquite and sage and as a side benefit, the cactus area is a bonanza for the collector. White quartz (which yields garnet and gold—in small quantities, no gold rush please!) and other semiprecious stones may be found, and a nearby cave is of prime interest to the young folk (and old). To top it



SHAGBARK HOLLOW



By Wallace W. Washington

FALL means residents of Michigan, Cedar Bay traditionally signifies the annual end of swimming, picnicking, camping, and most other family recreational activities which are pursued outdoors. Nestled in timber in Michigan and in locations of similar climate may also continue by the advent of the September holiday, but more and more northern vacation parks are encouraging year-round activities and are proportionately more utilized than many neighboring state parks. Shagbark Hollow, near Clinton, Michigan, is often the scene of such winter favorites as ice skating and sledding—augmented by indoor roundly popular dinners and an occasional winter party.

The same facility which is ideal for swimming in the summer—Shagbark's approximately 100' x 300' frozen fish pond—naturally becomes an excellent ice skating rink during most of December, January, and February. The above building provides skaters with a windbreak in which to rest, put on or remove skates, etc., and also serves as a convenient shelter for watching spectators. By virtue of its loca-



One of the
BONA FIDE Nudist Magazines







Partying girls included by permission to
Lynn Rodriguez, Bar M, Grand Prairie,
Texas, and ANTHONY Heath, 43 years,
P. O. Box 7040, Spokane, Washington 99207.



LIFE WITH PAINT AND BRUSH



by

Pete Bradley

photographs by

Jim Hudley



Art shows can be fun, even for the amateurs and Cypress Cove goes all out to prove it.

WHEN two or more Sunday painters get together at a nudist park, their first remarks upon being introduced are usually, "I'd love to see some of your paintings!" Now, on certain camp operator especially one who dabbles in oils occasionally himself will jump at this opportunity and suggest that each bring samples of his work to camp so everyone can take a look. This gives the camp director a chance to show off a little, too.

And 'show' it went recently, at our club, Cypress Cove. When I learned two of our members were Sunday painters my first thought was that we should go out just for the fun of it. I invited all three or four oils, Madeleine and Ira brought several paintings and we propped them all about the grounds leaning some against palm trees, some against benches and posts.

For a small outdoor art show at a nudist club it was pretty good. Ira is a prolific painter of landscapes and water scenes and belongs to one of the national art associations. Madeleine, who has been painting just a short while, is very versatile, has a bold style, and loves bright colors. Two of my paintings drew a little notice—one was an abstract and everyone queried, "What is it?" The other was a portrait of my husband Jim, which drew chuckles from the children. Jim wrapped a towel around his shoulders, let a cigarette droop from his lip and sat next to the painting. The kids agreed there *WAS* a smokiness but did I have to paint him so mean-looking? While I insisted that I only tried to bring out his true character in the painting and although it brought laughs from others, for some reason it caused a growl and fierce look from Jim. I noticed the twinkle in his eye, though, so he really didn't scare me!

Most of the afternoon was spent discussing art while Madeleine did some quick sketches of our members. It was all in fun. One of these days we plan to have a big art show. We'll invite painters from all the Florida clubs to participate and let the non-painting members be the judges. We'll award ribbons and prizes and make a really big day of it! □





for here young and old share the fun together. Before you realize it you have become one of the Faculty—invited to the convocations, invited to play basketball or just sit up a chess and talk.

The all-in dinner means you to realize the fresh air has invigorated

Invitations to over 541





Marvin Mouse

In some areas we are always happy to see division, not because we revel in strife but because it often demonstrates the fact that someone is thinking.

Right now the religious groups in America, who have traditionally selected themselves as unofficial censors of our film fare, are displaying a wide divergence of standards in choosing their monthly and yearly awards.

Several months ago the late Legion of Decency (Catholic) gave the film *THE PAWNBROKER* a condemned rating because it contained nudity. Just recently the Broadcast and Film Committee of the National Council of Churches (Protestant) bestowed an accolade upon the same film. This we call disputation.

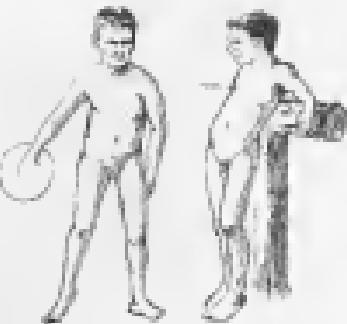
As Arthur Knight (*SATURDAY REVIEW*, February 24, 1960) put it, church groups are no longer "...interested merely in the sin in offense, but in artistic merit and social value as well."

The catalyst which has brought about this transformation is, according to Mr. Knight, "...a remarkable series of Supreme Court decisions handed down over the past dozen years..." which have had the effect of laying the basis for the official censorship of films. Instead of sprang into action to fill the alleged breach in the guardianship of public morals, the church groups have reacted in a most unexpected way. After thirty or more years of reacting to movies of bad taste by threatening boycotts and law suits, the church groups have, according to Mr. Knight, seen the evils which these typical reactions have engendered. And those evils he cites as dishonest productions that skillfully skirt the law, productions that outrageously flaunted the law, and wavering compromises that discredited film makers and church-

Editorial

men alike. In all of this we hope Mr. Knight is correct. But personally we are loath of jumping to any hasty and fast opinionistic conclusion so soon in the ball game. Just as we hold in abeyance our predictions about just what stand the Catholic Church is finally going to take on the birth-control issue, we are just as skeptical about how benign any church review board is going to be in the debauch area of censorship, especially in view of that bumptious past history.

What Mr. Knight was really leading up to was the hope that perhaps the time is now ripe to set up some sort of film classification system which will permit adults to be divorced from the burden



ONCE A CHILD, ALWAYS A CHILD!

of children's standards; i.e. there should be adult films created for and appealing to the adult mind. The fact that there are children in this society too should not in any way block the creation of these adult films or hinder the development of a market place for adult film fare. In this we are asked to agree.

Childhood is simply a stage of growth and the earliest stage of that, through which we all must pass to arrive at some level of adulthood in which we inevitably and hopefully spend our majority years. Given a life span of eighty years, one could reasonably be said to live a good sixty or more in the realm of the adult. In anybody's ball game that is a ratio of three to four. If then we decide out of a possible budget are to be spent in the adult range of years it seems high time that we rig our arts and letters on behalf of that great span of adult years. Assuredly children must be raised and educated, but not at the expense of adult maturity but rather to finally achieve that adult level of maturity.

To date we have compromised too much for and with the children in the whole area of the creative arts. The problem as we see it is that we adults are all too busy running about trying to set up systems of censorship or systems of classification pertaining to art objects when the real problem pertaining to children relates to the question of classifying responsible parents! Most parents are rather shoddy agents, who give about as much thought to the specific guidance and education of their children as they gave to the accidental act of creating them. This being the case, society has always looked for whipping boys upon which to blame the shoddy outcomes of parental laxity. Consequently things such as books, movies, paper-

backs, photographs, paintings, and sculpture receive a totally inappropriate labeling. Maybe it is time that we start classifying parents! The system might apply somewhat as follows:

A parent has to be awarded a B plus rating in quality for the act of procreation. An A minus would make one worthy of a financial scholarship to help provide for the family needs, while a straight A would not only merit financial aid, but achieve for the family the status of Being Heroes of the American Republic! Suffice it to say, any couple just accorded a paternally C rating would be permitted only the fun of chores and never be allowed the reward of pregnancy. As the old saying goes, they may have the play pen, but not the baby carriage.

Yes, the more we think about it, it is the parents who ought to be classified and never our books, movies, postures, and sculptures. It seems obvious that given entirely satisfactory to superior parents the problems of censorship and irresponsibility as they relate to children would take care of themselves. As for those adults who might still feel that there should be classifications, and reasoning to take care of those personal adult temptations we can only think of one worthwhile solution. There ought to be an easily summoned disposal squad whose sole duty it would be to quietly and effectively remove such people from the scene, once and for all. After all, society in the past didn't hesitate a moment to get rid of such spectacular specimens as Socrates, Jesus, Lorraine, and Robespierre by such prosaic devices as the cup of poison, the cross, and the guillotine — then why should we hesitate today with the C minus and D plus human classifications? — to say nothing of the cat and dog failures?

KAN-TAN Club



Lil' Moon

THEY SAY anxiety is the mother of invention. It also is the reason for many other things such as the new Kan-Tan Club of Lester, Kansas. As far back as 1942, when Lester and Peoria, owned by long-time friends Marion and Marjory, saw the growing need for a club in their part of Kansas to fill another large gap in the local geography, they started to search for property. Much was found only to be rejected for one reason or another until at last on a big farm a friend they listed it property on Crooked Creek. Here, where

it empties into the Neosho river, there found their last home as they solemnly named it. Covered with soil, boulders and rocks and a heavy covering of brush it nevertheless had the permission desired. Acceptability was another thing, while it was on a township line, the county had never deemed it necessary to build a road approach or no one lived there. After figures were made it was found they could have a road graded by the county, but they would have to support it themselves. Additional property must be bought for the driveway so

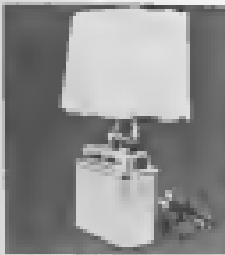
the county road would end at a creek bank. Five more acres were purchased down on a grade and work began on the roads. In the meantime, ground work had been laid in the public relations field. Law enforcement and local leaders and neighbors had been approached and supplied with information as to their intentions and where necessary fraternalism was given as reassurance. There were assured that the camp would be a well run organization headed by Luther and Pauline, Marion and Marjorie, long time residents and respected citizens. In most cases they were met with approval from an intelligent, straightforward community. The title to the property was received in January 1960 and work could begin as soon as the weather would permit, which was quite a ways away, as a late spring and much rain dealt a serious blow to the time schedule. Roads were cleared and two wells were driven for a plentiful supply of water in most all needs in the foreseeable future. Just nine weeks from their tentative opening date the weather seemed to relent and the short sun came and what the willing hands of these four people accomplished in that time is, to say the least, amazing. Ground was cleared and graded for the site of the new clubhouse. Sheds were erected, volleyball and badminton courts were made, a temporary swimming pool was set up, camping areas were cleared, a complete playground was set up for the small fry, complete with swing and jungle gym, and a memory-preserved deal that made you stay just watching. But the little folks, and some of the big ones, were having a ball with it. One thing largely in their favor was the perfect drainage they have: nothing built above the creek and river. There will be a sandy loam and although it rained very

hard while we were there, I did not see a bit of mud or puddles of water standing anywhere. Opening day saw a good crowd from neighboring cities and towns and the mascot from far away Olive Dell in California. Haha Valley from Topeka, Kansas, had the largest crowd from the visiting cities and it was here we saw the forming of a Sunflower volleyball league. Charter members are Shirley Lewis, Haha Valley and the Koo-Too Club. It was good to see the friendliness and respect with which these folks held one another and I believe with this kind of cooperation, Kansas has a bright future in the state of Kansas.

Another interest in the area is the John Redwood recreational site, which with the others in the area for safety water skiing, fishing and beautiful scenery. And speaking of fishing, for those who are followers of old Isaac Walton, nearby Hutchinson, Kansas, has rights to the title of earliest capital of the world and one of the best spots for channel cat is Neodesha river, right across the back of the club property. Neither, pass me my fishing pole, and stand aside. Catfish here are come. For those interested in ancient Indian artifacts, information can be obtained at the city and nearby town. Also, nearby at the terminal point of the third glacier. For the rock hounds this is a bonanza. For the culture minded there are collections and museums in the area. Nearby Lester has great models of reasonable rates with restaurants for food and prices your writer can touch for. All in all, we found the people, the locality and the club of such quality that come next year vacation time, you will find this old turkey, for a few days at least on Gobbler Creek overlooking Turkey Creek and Kan-Tan.

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In Memoriam

Endy
of
Sunny Heights

1928 - 1966

The Sunbather Calendar of
nudist events

1966

October 22 - 23, Olive Dell
Roundup.

October 29, Halloween Ball
at Oakdale Guest Ranch.

November 19, Thanksgiving
Dinner at Sunshine Country
Club.

November 24, Thanksgiving.

December 17, Sunshine
Country Club Christmas
Party.

1967

March, Annual Mid-Winter
Festival at Lake Como.

May, Sabeross' Early
Spring Roundup.

May, Annual Lasso and
Volleyball Tournament at
Oakdale Guest Ranch.

May, Annual Spring Festival
at Sashayou Freestyle.

June, Strawberry Festival at
Restful Haven.

June, Annual Indian Pow-Wow
at Tri-State Country Club.

July 1 - 9, Friendship week
at Sunshine Country Club--
no ground fees.

In order to give the calendar full inclusion all
events in the year by approximately sixteen places
are listed. Many are from sources
as many may not appear.

American *Sunbather* The Official Voice of American Nudism

173rd Issue Vol. 18 No. 11 November 1966

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= Unity



= Progress

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CLUB NEWS — See Features

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CONVENTION INFORMATION SOURCEBOOK 1967

MEMBERS — See Features

= Growth

Wishes from American Health Alliance
to our new affiliate

Circle G Ranch

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The Circle G Ranch, founded and operated by Marion and Pauline Maschler, is located on Highway 9 and 100 miles west of the Adirondack Mountains. The ranch is situated on approximately 1000 acres, including a large lake, two ponds, a waterfall, and a 100 acre forest. The property is a working cattle ranch, but also offers opportunities for horseback riding, tennis, swimming, golf, fishing, hunting, and outdoor activities. The ranch is open year-round, and offers a variety of accommodations, including guest houses, cottages, and a main house. The Circle G Ranch is a member of the American Ranches Association, and is known for its excellent facilities and friendly atmosphere. The ranch is located in the town of Winthrop, New York, which is approximately 10 miles from the Adirondack Park. Guests will be welcome to explore the surrounding areas, including the Adirondack Park, the Hudson River Valley, and the Catskill Mountains.





NAKED AND UNASHAMED

CHAPTER III

THE HEALTH POINT OF VIEW

No one can remain indifferent to any cause which is known to improve or maintain the health of either the individual or the race in general, and the strongest claim that can be made by nudists is that their policy will, and does, offer a definite aid in this direction. Various reasons may be advanced in support of this argument—some so simple as to be obvious, others more complicated and requiring knowledge of facts which are not generally known. Everyone knows that fresh air and exer-

ches are essential to health. It will hardly be denied that the majority of people have insufficient of either, although the recently-acquired popularity of "hiking" and camping must have effected a great improvement in this respect, especially so far as the younger people are concerned.

Human nature is so constituted that some stimulus is required before any real effort is made even in so important a matter as maintaining good health. It is so much quicker and easier to swallow a pill or a draught that patent medicines are preferred, on the whole, to more natural means. To carry out certain rhythmic exercises in the solitude of a bedroom or bathroom, regularly and over a long period, needs a degree of enthusiasm and determination possessed by few. It is quite certain, however, that physical exercises carried out by

groups, in the form of a volleyball game for instance, are pleasanter and more efficacious than those performed alone, and the nucleus have the point in their favor. In a nudist community made up of enthusiasts there is a natural incentive to exercise and enjoy fresh air. But, it may be argued, this could be obtained by joining an ordinary tennis club or similar organization. So it could, but not, perhaps, with the same gleam or degree of earnestness. And then there is the benefit to be derived from the actual exposure itself.

From very early times it has been realized that we breathe partly through the pores of our skin. There is a legend that a youth taking part in a Roman festival procession was covered with gold-leaf and that he died, or collapsed, through the pores of his skin being sealed. Since then much more has been learned about the skin and it is now recognized that the skin is an organ in the same sense as, say, the liver or the kidneys. Like the kidneys, it absorbs certain desirable elements required for the health of the body, and like them also it excretes, in the form of perspiration, certain poisons which otherwise would be retained in the blood stream, the affinity between the blood and the skin being very close indeed. It performs defense and essential functions. It controls the temperature of our bodies. It can absorb certain rays from the sun and store up the vital vitamin D to be resorbed into the blood as required. Hence the recommendation of sunbathing by well-known physicians.

The tonic effects of sun and air upon the skin are indisputable, and in many diseases suitable exposures have been known to effect reliable cures. In Switzerland, where the treatment of tuberculosis is carried out more intensively and on a larger scale than in any other country, complete and almost complete exposure was practiced before pasteurization per se came into existence. So valuable have the ultraviolet rays, in particular, been found that special lamps are manufactured to emit these rays and make it possible for them to be enjoyed indoors or when no sun is visible. The really powerful lamps are employed only under suitable professional direction and the exposures are for very short periods; but smaller varieties for home use which, while being of comparatively little value in the treatment of disease, have an appreciable tonic effect and are now quite common. More so in America than in other countries.

For the skin to perform its functions properly it needs exercise just as the muscles do. Exposure to the air tones up the skin and excretes. It is de-



its proper work. Heavy clothing, for this reason, is not healthy. If we try to maintain the temperature of our bodies by clothes, we give the skin less work to do and it becomes inefficient, as does any other organ which is given insufficient use.

It cannot be doubted, then, that exposure of the skin to light and air is beneficial to health—to some degree essential. This being so, it is only logical to assume that the more skin is exposed the greater the benefit. So the nudists argue that every bit of the skin should be exposed. This meets with objections in some quarters on the grounds of morality and decency. The nudists believe in all the advantages of exposure, but admit that to cover certain small portions can make very little difference to the total benefit received and that to do so overcomes the objections referred to. We have pointed out in the previous chapter that there is nothing intrinsically immoral or indecent in the nude body. That, in fact, the covering of just those parts which typify sex makes them more conspicuous and therefore may, on a purely national basis, be considered more indecent. It must, at any rate, reduce male self-consciousness. On these grounds alone complete nudity would seem to have the advantage. But there is a great deal more in it than this.

During recent years scientists have studied certain ductless glands—that is, glands having no entrance or exit, so to speak, other than through the bloodstream. These glands are called "endocrine glands," and manufacture—again putting it rather boldly—the endocrine secretions which are essential to health and happiness. Two of the principal glands of this kind are the pituitary gland in the brain and the thyroid gland in the neck. Some years ago, Professor Voronoff announced the results he had achieved by grafting the thyroid gland of an ape upon a human being. Much amusement was caused amongst the general public by referring to the thyroid as a "monkey gland," and a mistaken impression given that such grafting would make old men into youths and extend longevity almost indefinitely. Actually, scientists do not make claims of this nature, but the importance of the gland has been definitely established and thyroid extract is now produced by regular manufacturing chemists and used by physicians in the form of injections or capsules to be swallowed by the patient.

Now the sex glands also produce "hormones" or secretions which pass directly into the blood and are of enormous importance to health. A deficiency in these secretions causes a lowering of vitality,



and the simplest and most satisfactory method of rectifying such a deficiency is by the stimulation and encouragement of the glands themselves. The free access of sunlight or the application of ultraviolet rays is claimed, upon good authority, to have this effect. Ductless glands appear to be particularly amenable to light treatment, which is used professionally in cases of goiter, an unfortunately common disease of the thyroid gland, and in rickets, which is caused by a deficiency of vitamin D.

This is not a treatise on phototherapy or light treatment, but enough has been said to show that there is a very definite benefit to be obtained by exposing the sexual organs to sunlight or artificial sunlight. It must be quite clearly understood that we are referring here to the secretions absorbed directly into the blood and not to specifically sexual secretions such as those which are concerned with reproduction. Sunlight may, by generally increasing vitality, act to some extent as an "aphrodisiac" or excitant of sexual impulses, but that is a consideration which will not be discussed here.

Another point to be remembered is that the ultraviolet rays are present during all the hours of